

Eliza Clump's
Verse Book.



The Conclusion of Pilgrims Progress.

Now reader, I have told my dream to thee,
See if thou canst interpret it to me,
Or to thyself, or neighbour, but take heed,
Of misinterpreting; ~~evil comes~~, for that instead
Of doing good, will but thyself abuse:
By misinterpreting; ~~from that~~ ^{it} evil ensues.
Take heed also that thou be not extreme
In playing ^{with the} outside of my dream:
Nor let my figure or similitude
put thee into A daughter or A friend;
Leave this to boys and fools; but as for thee,
Do thou the substance of the matter see;
Put by the curtains, look within theail,
Turn up my metaphar and do not fail;
There if thou seekest them, such things thou'llt find
As will be helpful to an honest mind.
What of rayders thou findest there be bold,
To shun away, but yet preserve the gold,
What if my gold be wrapped up in one
None shanow away the apple for the core:

But if thou shalt cast all away as vain.

I know not but 't will make me dream again

The curkoo

Hail beauteous stranger of the wood,

Messenger on the spring!

Now heavn repairs thy rural seat,

And woods thy welcome sing.

Soon as the dairy decks the green,

I hast thou a star to guide thy path

Thy certain voice we hear:

Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee

I hail the time of flow'rs,

When heavn is fill'd with music sweet

Of birds among the boughs.

The school boy, roving in the wood

To pull the flower so gay,
Starts thy curious voice to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

Soon as the pea puts on the bloom,
Thou fly'st thy vocal vale,
An annual guest, in other lands,
Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year!

O could I fly & fly with thee,
We ^{make}, with social wings,

Our annual visit o'er the globe
Companions of the spring.

To a young woman, with a watch
While this gay toy attracts thy sight,
Thy reason let it warn;
And ~~soul~~^{time} seize my dear ~~that rayed~~
That ~~a~~ never must return.

If ~~widly~~ lost no art or care.
The blessing can restore;
And heaven requires a strict account
For ev^ry mispent hour.

Short is our longest day of life,
And soon its prospect ends
Yet on that dark uncertain date
Eternity depends.

But equal to our being's end
The space to virtue given;
And ev^ry minute well improv'd
Secures an age immor~~ta~~^l in

The goodness of Providence.

The Lord my pasture shall prepare
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glades I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountains pant,
To fertile vales, and dewy meads,
My weary wandering steps he leads:
Where peaceful rivers soft and slow
Amidst the verdant landscape flow.

Tho' in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,

My steadfast heart shall fear, no;
For thou O Lord art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid
And guide me through the dreadful shade

I Tho in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains bequill,
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around

Eldon.

The Lord is onily my support,
None he that cloth me feed,
How can I want any thing.
Thereof I stand in need.

The happy choice.

Beset with snares on ev'ry hand,
In life's uncertain paths stand:
Father Divine! diffuse thy light,
To guide my doubtful foot steps right.

Engage this frail, and wov'ning heart
Wisely, to choose the better part
So scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that never fade away

Then let the wild arise;
Let tempest mingle earth and skies;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear;
But all my ~~treasures~~ ^{treasures} with me bear

If thou ^{art} my farthe still art night
Cheerful I live and peaceful die:

Secure when mortal comforts flee,

To find ten thousand worlds in thee,

A general song of praise to ^{god.}

Among the princes earthly gods,

There's none hath pow'r divine;

Nor is their nature mighty Lord,

Nor are their works like thine.

The nations thou haft made shall bring

Thereof rings round thy throne;

For thou alone dost wondrous things

For thou art god alone.

Lord I would walk with holy feet;

Lead me thy heav'nly ways;

And my poor scatter'd thoughts unite.

In god my father's praise.

Great is thy mercy and my tongue.

Shall those sweet wonders tell,

How by thy grace my sinking soul,
Rose from the depths of hell.

The Doves.

Reas'ning at ev'ry step he treads,
Man yet mistakes his way,
While ^{leads,} meaner things whom instinct
Are rarely known to stray.

One silent eve I wonder'd late,
And heard the voice of love;
The wile this address'd her mate,
And good the list'ning dove!



